

# mmmm. food.



Chaz <u>cvillette</u>

https://cvillette.livejournal.com/
2007-10-13 13:39:00



MUSIC: Michael Jackson - Thriller (what could be scarier than that?)

Well, the fat intake is way off the scale, but it's nearly all olive oil, except the chicken and the butter on the rice and the pie crust and a little bit of cheese, so I am going to decide calmly and logically not to freak out about it.

<u>Apple cider, just one more reason why October is the best time of year.</u> (<a href="https://www.livejournal.com/away?">https://www.livejournal.com/away?</a>

to=http%3A//www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D9%26Day%3D13)

The Fox smuggled me two gallons of the real stuff, which is to say, not the pasteurized grocery store variety, in from upstate New York, along with a couple of pounds of slipskin grapes and a Concord grape pie. Because he is auditioning for the role of my favorite uncle, that's why. And no, I have no idea how he got it all home on the bike. Er, chopper. Todd, if you're reading this, I apologize to your Harley on behalf of all ignorant kids everywhere.

If I had known about real apple cider, I would have left Las Vegas at sixteen, and struck out across the desert with all my worldly possessions (including a harmonica, of course) tied up in a red bandana. Go East, young man. Go East.

Also, DC has Greek takeout.

Yeah, yeah, you ask, why does Chaz eat celery? Because it's crunchy, that's why. Also, mechanical reasons. Left as an exercise to the reader.

...my entire life really does revolve around food, doesn't it? I wonder if this qualifies as an eating disorder when it's also a medical necessity?

**ETA** Okay, and there should be a special place in heaven for the person who invented onion-jam-and-cheddar-cheese sandwiches.

My god, I cannot stop eating today. Even while looking at crime scene photos.

Maybe I'm getting ready to bud.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't handle it well. So yeah, I'm

<u>Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets.</u> <u>Scary.</u>

#### 21 comments



Platypus, sweetie, if I remember the story correctly (and you know I do), you DID leave Las Vegas at sixteen with all your worldly belongings and head east.

You just didn't go far enough north. (Is the concept of unpasteurized apple cider known to the people of New Jersey?)



Shhh! I'm working on my legend!

And the emancipation took a while. It was sixteen and a half.

Halves are very important.



Half a pie, half a turkey, half a gallon of milk... Why, you're right!

And sugarplum, I think your legend can take care of its ownself. If it needs any help, I'll plant misleading documents on the web.



You wascally wabbit.

You're just lucky I don't play harmonica.



You said it, so I don't have to. \*g\*

I can just imagine you humming away as we all sit in the foxhole, shells bursting overhead...

Actually, you do hum.



...a humdinger!



## Quetotchtli

October 13 2007, 21:29:52 UTC COLLAPSE

\*death of a hundred paperclips\*

\*or papercuts\*

\*but if I use paperclips I don't have to come over there\*

\*so don't make me come over there\*



## <u> trollcatz</u>

October 13 2007, 19:00:48 UTC COLLAPSE

Hit the dirt! He's about to bud!

Wow, if you sprouted a second something, what would it be?

Wait, no, don't answer that. Oh, god, you'd think I'd be used to the taste of foot by now. \*g\*



#### <u>Cvillette</u>

October 13 2007, 19:12:55 UTC COLLAPS

Maybe I'm just about to become the width of a normal human.



## 👤 tr<u>ollcatz</u>

October 13 2007, 19:30:32 UTC COLLAPSE

Don't be silly. You have a very nice width.



#### 👤 cvillette

October 13 2007, 19:36:04 UTC COLLAPSE

Please tell Tricia that despite appearances, we are not \*actually\* screwing in the storage closet at work, kthx? Otherwise I suspect I might soon \*need\* the ability to grow replacement body parts....



#### 

October 13 2007, 19:41:16 UTC COLLAPSE

HAH! I could tell when you read that comment. You must be starting the winter-season fade, 'cause the blushing was TOTALLY obvious.

And yah right. Tricia flirts with you way more than I do.



# <u> cvillette</u>

October 13 2007, 19:48:25 UTC COLLAPSE

Blushing? It felt like the blood draining from my face!

Okay, totally flustered now.

(Besides, Tricia doesn't like boys, does she? Somehow it makes a difference.)

i



In other words, you're not scared of Tricia. Hee!

Mercifully changing the subject for you:

Two gallons of cider, okay. A couple of pounds of grapes, even. (Fox and grapes joke dutifully avoided here.) Even so, I'm trying to imagine a Harley softtail with a plastic milk crate bungeed on the back, and it makes my brain hurt.

But unless he has a previously-unsuspected sidecar, he cannot have carried a pie.

#### Could he?



Or he's not crushing on Tricia. Hmm, Chazzie?

#### Spill...



You know, that's a question of the "So, Senator, have you stopped beating your wife yet?" subcategory.

The only possibly response, other than the dignified ignoring I know you're not going to let me get away with, is "Mu."



Well, tricky are the ways of the Fox. And he does have saddlebags.

If it was frozen when he bought it, he could have carried it sideways in the box.

Or maybe he mail-ordered it and this is all part of a plot to increase his legend.

Anyway, who cares? We got pie!



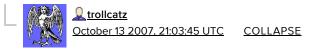
Maybe he meant for us to try to figure it out. Maybe he wants to improve our mighty detecting skills.

Oh, screw that.

PIIIIEEEEEEEEE!

T'ank you, Unca Fox!





Ohhhhh, all right.

Thank you, most kind Platypus. \*g\*



Anything for my favorite harpy.

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